

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And findes them perfect *Richard*: sitra speake,
What doth moue you to claime your brothers land.

Philip. Because he hath a half face like my father:
With halfe that face would he haue all my land,
A halfe-fac'd goat, five hundred pound a yeere.

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liu'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much.

Phil. Well sir, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie
To *Germany*, there with the Emperour

To treat of high affaires touching that time:

Th'aduantage of his absence tooke the King;

And in the meane time sojourn'd at my fathers;

Where how he did preuaile, I shame to speake:

But truth is truth, large lengths of seas and shores

Betweene my father, and my mother lay,

As I haue heard my father speake him selfe

When this same lusty gentleman was got:

Vpon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd

His lands to me, and tooke it on his death

That this my mothers sonne was none of his;

And if he were, he came into the world

Full fourteene weekes before the course of time:

Then good my Lidge let me haue what is mine,

My fathers land, as was my fathers will.

K. John. Sitra, your brother is Legittimate,

Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him:

And if he did play false, the fault was hers,

Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands

That marry wiues: tell me, how if my brother

Who as you say, tooke paines to get this sonne,

Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his,

Insooth, good friend, your father might haue kept

This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world:

Insooth he might; then if he were my brothers,

My brother might not claime him, nor your father

Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,

My mothers sonne did get your fathers heyre,

Your fathers heyre must haue your fathers land.

Rob. Shal then my fathers Will be of no force,

To dispossesse that childe which is not his.

Phil. Of no more force to dispossesse me sir,

Then was his will to get me, as I thinke.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,

And like thy brother to enioy thy land:

Or the reputed sonne of *Cordelion*,

Lord of thy preience, and no land beside.

Bast. Madam, and if my brother had my shape

And I had his, sir *Roberts* his like him,

And if my legs were two such riding rods,

My armes, such cole-skisn stuf, my face so thin,

That in mine eare I durst not sticke a rose,

Left men should say, looke where three farthings goes,

And to his shape were heyre to all this land,

Would I might neuer stirre from off this place,

I would giue it euery foot to haue this face:

It would not be sir nobbe in any case.

Elinor. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,

Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?

I am a Souldier, and now bound to *France*.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chances

Your face hath got five hundred pound a yeere,

Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis deere:

Madam, I'll follow you vnto the death.

Elinor. Nay, I would haue you go before me thither.

Bast. Our Country manners giue our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. *Philip* my Liege, so is my name begun,

Philip, good old Sir *Roberts* wiues eldest sonne.

K. John. From henceforth beare his name

Whose forme thou bearest:

Kneele thou downe *Philip*, but rise more great,

Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.

Bast. Brother by th'mothers side, giue me your hand,

My father gaue me honor, yours gaue land:

Now blessed be the houre by night or day

When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.

Eli. The very spirit of *Plantagenet*:

I am thy grandame *Richard*, call me so.

Bast. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what thou

Something about a little from the right,

In at the window, or else ore the hatch:

Who dares not stirre by day, must walke by night,

And haue is haue, how euer men doe catch:

Neere or farre off, well wonne is still well shot,

And I am I, how ere I was begot.

K. John. Goe, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire,

A landlesse Knight, makes thee a landed Squire:

Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we must speed

For *France*, for *France*, for it is more then need.

Bast. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,

For thou wast got i'th way of honesty.

Exeunt all but Bastard.

Bast. A foot of Honor better then I was,

But many a many foot of Land the worse,

Well, now can I make any *Joane* a Lady,

Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,

And if his name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter*;

For new made honor doth forget mens names:

'Tis two respectiue, and too sociable

For your conuersion, now your traueler,

Hee and his tooth-picke at my worships messe,

And when my knightly stomacke is fustid,

Why then I luche my teeth, and catechize

My pick'd man of Countries: my deare sir,

Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,

I shall beseech you; that is question now,

And then comes answer like an *Absey* booke:

O sir, sayes answer, at your best command,

At your employment, at your seruice sir:

No sir, sayes question, I sweet sir at yours,

And so ere answer knowes what question would,

Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,

And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,

The Perennean and the riuer *Poe*,

It drawes toward supper in conclusion so.

But this is worshipfull society,

And fits the mounting spirit like my selfe;

For he is but a bastard to the time

That doth not smooke of obseruation,

And so am I whether I smacke or no:

And not alone in habit and deuice,

Exterior forme, outward accoutrement;

But from the inward motion to deliuer

Sweet, sweet, sweet poyson for the ages tooth,

Which though I will not practise to deceiue,

Yet to auoid deceit I meane to learne;

For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising:

But who comes in such haste in riding robes?

What

What woman post is this? hath she no husband
That will take paines to blow a horn before her?
Ome, 'tis my mother: how now good Lady,
What brings you heere to Court so hastily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that slave thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chafe mine honour vp and downe.

Bast. My brother *Roberts*, old Sir *Roberts* sonne:

Colbrand the Gyant, that same mighty man,

Is it Sir *Roberts* sonne, that you seeke so?

Lady. Sir *Roberts* sonne, I thou vnreuerend boy,

Sir *Roberts* sonne? why scorn'st thou at sir *Roberts*?

He is Sir *Roberts* sonne, and so art thou.

Bast. *James Gurney*, wilt thou giue vs leaue a while?

Gow. Good leaue good *Philip*.

Bast. *Philip*, sparrow, *James*,

There's toyes abroad, anon I'll tell thee more.

Exit James.

Madam, I was not old Sir *Roberts* sonne,

Sir *Roberts* might haue eat his part in me

Vpon good Friday, and nere broke his fast:

Sir *Roberts* could doe well, marrie to confesse

Could get me sir *Roberts* could not doe it;

We know his handy-worke, therefore good mother

To whom am I beholding for these limmes?

Sir *Roberts* neuer holpe to make this legge.

Lady. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,

That for thine owne gaine shouldst defend mine honor?

What means this scorne, thou most vnward knaue?

Bast. Knight, knight good mother, Basilisco-like:

What, I am dub'd, I haue it on my shoulder:

But mother, I am not Sir *Roberts* sonne,

I haue disclaim'd Sir *Roberts* and my land,

Legittimation, name, and all is gone;

Then good my mother, let me know my father,

Some proper man I hope, who was it mother?

Lady. Hast thou denied thy selfe a *Faulconbridge*?

Bast. As faithfully as I denie the deuill.

Lady. King *Richard* *Cordelion* was thy father,

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd

To make roome for him in my husbands bed:

Heauen lay not my transgression to my charge,

That art the issue of my deere offence

Which was so strongly vrg'd past my defence.

Bast. Now by this light were I to get againe,

Madam I would not wish a better father:

Some finnes doe beare their priuiledge on earth,

And so doth yours: your fault, was not your follie,

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,

Subiected tribute to commanding loue,

Against whose furie and vnmatch'd force,

The awlesse Lion could not wage the fight,

Nor keepe his Princely heart from *Richards* hand:

He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,

May easily winne a womans: aye my mother,

With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:

Who liues and dares but say, thou didst not well

When I was got, I'll send his soule to hell.

Come Lady I will shew thee to my kinne,

And they shall say, when *Richard* me begot,

If thou hadst sayd him nay, it had bene sinne;

Who sayes it was, helyes, I say twas not:

Exeunt.

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